

—*—THE FISHermen.—*

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

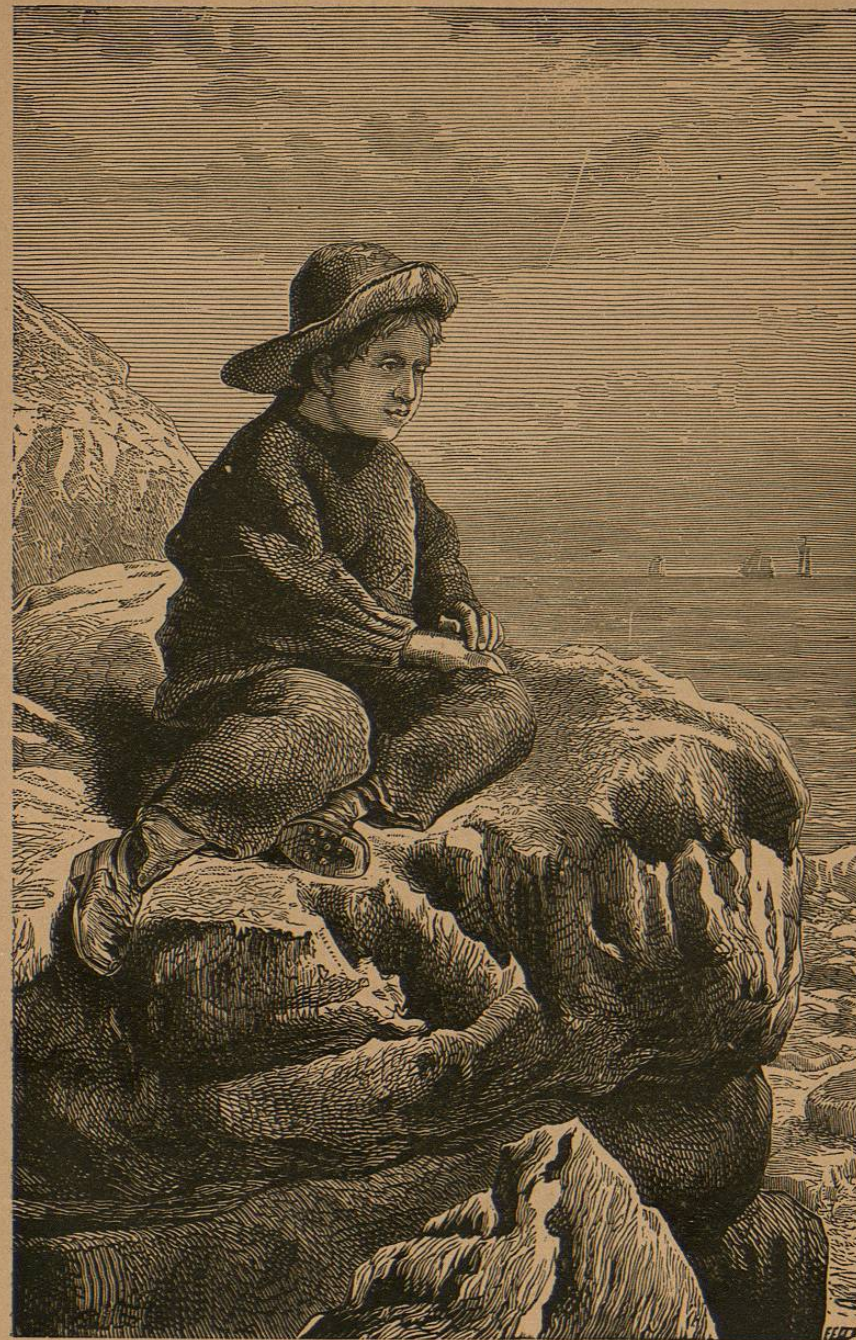
THREE fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the
best,
And the children stood watching them out of
the town.

For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

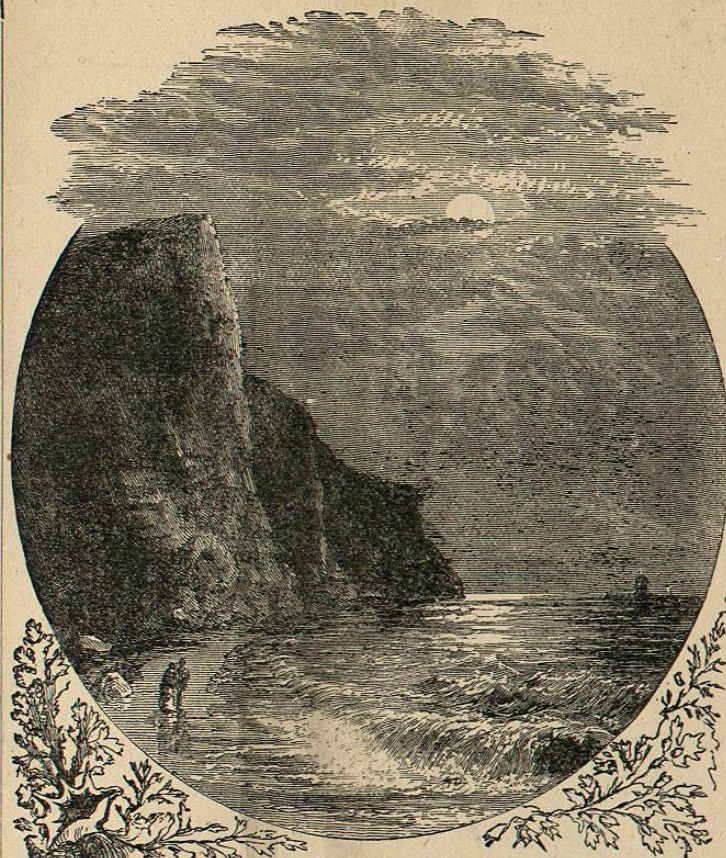
Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out in the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
And good by to the bar and its moaning.

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THE FISHER BOY.




✽ ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN. ✽

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

O THOU vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!

Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
 Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
 Thou speakest in the east and in the west
 At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
 Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
 Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
 The earth has naught of this: no chance or change
 Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
 Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
 But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
 At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
 Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
 But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
 And pass like visions to their wonted home;
 And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
 Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
 And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
 When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
 Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
 Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
 O, wonderful thou art, great element,
 And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
 And lovely in repose! thy summer form
 Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
 Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
 I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
 Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
 And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach,—
 Eternity — Eternity — and Power.



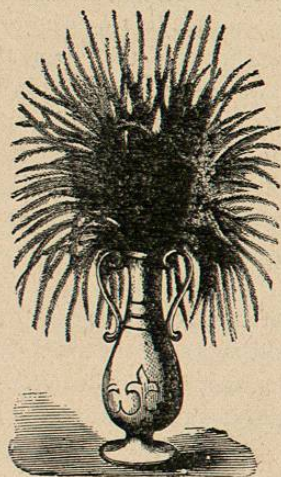
DR. ADDISON ALEXANDER'S MONOSYLLABLE
 —*POEM.*—

[The following curious illustration of the power of words in the English language has long been out of print].—

THINK not that strength lies in the big, round word,
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
 To whom can this be true who once has heard
 The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
 When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
 So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
 Press'd from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note,
 Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength
 Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth than
 length.
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
 And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
 Light, but not heat—a flash without a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts:
 It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
 The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,

The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
 On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
 For them that far off on their sick beds lie,
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead,
 For them that laugh, and dance, and clap their hand;
 To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread.
 The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
 And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
 In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.



→*SONG OF THE DECANter.*←

There was an old decanter,
 and its mouth was gaping
 wide; the rosy wine
 had ebbed away
 and left
 its crys-
 tal side;
 and the wind
 went humming,
 humming;
 up and
 down the
 sides it flew,
 and through the
 reed-like,
 hollow neck
 the wildest notes it
 blew. I placed it in the
 window, where the blast was
 blowing free, and fancied that its
 pale mouth sang the queerest strains
 to me. "They tell me—puny con-
 querors!—the Plague has slain his ten,
 and War his hundred thousands of the
 very best of men; but I"—'twas thus
 the bottle spoke—"but I have con-
 quered more than all your famous con-
 querors, so feared and famed of yore.
 Then come, ye youths and maidens,
 come drink from out my cup, the bev-
 erage that dalls the brain and burns
 the spirit up; that puts to shame
 the conquerors that slay their
 scores below, for this has del-
 uged millions with the lava
 tide of woe. Though in the
 path of battle, darkest
 waves of blood may roll,
 yet while I killed the body
 I have damned the very
 soul. The cholera, the
 sword, such ruin never
 wrought, as I, in mirth or
 malice, on the innocent have
 brought. And still I breathe
 upon them, and they shrink
 before my breath; and year
 by year my thousands tread
 THE TERRIBLE ROAD TO DEATH.



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 †: LINES † AND † COUPLETS. †:
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FROM POPE.
 —

WHAT, and how great the virtue of the art,
 To live on little with a cheerful heart.

Between excess and famine lies a mean,
 Plain, but not sordid, though not splendid, clean.

Its proper power to hurt each creature feels:
 Bulls aim their horns, and asses kick their heels.

Here Wisdom calls, "Seek virtue first, be bold;
 As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fixed and our own masters still.

'T is the first virtue vices to abhor,
 And the first wisdom to be fool no more.

Long as to him who works for debt, the day.

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 —
 Not to go back is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk, at least, before they dance.

—
 True, conscious honor is to feel no sin;
 He's armed without that's innocent within.

—
 For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
 The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

—
 If wealth alone can make and keep us blest,
 Still, still be getting; never, never rest.

—
 That God of nature who within us still
 Inclines our actions, not constrains our will.

—
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad.

—
 Pretty in amber to observe the forms
 Of hair, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;
 The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the mischief they got there!

—
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

—
 Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one honest man my foe.



Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature 's at his dirty work again,
 Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of 'a vast extent of flimsy lines.

He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left.

What future bliss He gives thee not to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee,
 All chance, direction which thou canst not see.

'T is education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.

That secret rare between the extremes to move,
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name.

'T is strange the music should his cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Something there is more needful than expense,
 And something previous e'en to taste, — 't is sense.

In all let Nature never be forgot,
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Not over-dress nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.

